

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

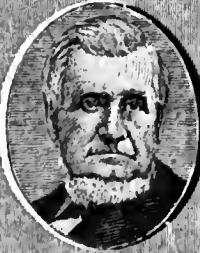
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EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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THE EXTINCTION OF THE GREAT AUK.

At a comparatively recent period in geological time none of the animal forms now living, with the exception probably of a few of the lowest organisms, had come into existence. Air, earth, and water were inhabited then as now, but by an assemblage of creatures only known at the present day through their fossil remains. The disappearance of this fauna seems to have been neither sudden nor simultaneous. In the never-ending struggle for existence, its members fell one by one before the superior organization and vigor of latter forms; but the old fell and the new rose at such wide and irregular intervals that the difference at any one time in the

personnel of the ranks of life must have been as imperceptible as the motion of the hour-hand on a watch-dial. Life is still in the grip of the self-same forces, and may therefore be presumed to be undergoing similar changes; certain it is, at least, that now, as formerly, species are dropping at intervals from the ranks and disappearing forever.

Attention was lately directed to what is probably one of the latest instances of extinction by the discovery in Edinburgh of two eggs of the great auk or garefowl. Other birds are known to have become extinct during the human period, as the gigantic moa of New Zealand, the dodo of Mauritius, and the solitaire of Rodriguez; but in England special interest attaches to the great auk, as having been a



British bird, or at least a frequent visitor to its shores. It was one of the largest of sea-fowl, measuring about three feet in length, and on land assumed a nearly erect, penguin-like position. Its weak point was its wings, which were short fin-like organs, of service to it as paddles in the water, but wholly useless as organs of flight. Thus comparatively helpless on land, it must have fallen an easy prey to the islanders whose shores it frequented, and to whom its heavy carcass offered a tempting supply of animal food. Its reproductive powers would seem also, if early writers are to be trusted, to have been unusually limited, as it is said to have laid only one egg in the season.

Those birds seem to have been sufficiently common during prehistoric times on the shores of Denmark, and even of Scotland, to have formed an article of human food, their bones having been found in the kitchen-middens of both countries. Driven from those shores by our savage ancestors, they appear to have sought refuge on the rocky or more or less inaccessible islets of north temperate seas, where alone they have been found during the historic period. Nearly two hundred years ago, "M. Martin, gent., visited in an open boat the island of St. Kilda, and in his published account of the voyage he describes with considerable accuracy the appearance of the garefowl, which, he says, was 'the statelyst as well as the largest of all the fowls here.'" He also states that it was only a summer visitor, reaching St. Kilda early in May, and leaving again in the middle of June.

How long it continued to pay regular visits to "the remotest of all the Hebrides" is not known, but a specimen—interesting as being the last seen alive in Scottish waters—was captured off St. Kilda in the year 1821. The late Dr. Fleming, of Edinburgh, when on a cruise among the Hebrides, had this specimen put on board the yacht by its captor. It looked emaciated and sickly, but under a generous regimen of fish and an occasional bath, which it was permitted to take in the open sea with a cord fixed to its leg to secure

its return, it soon regained its native sprightliness. The consideration thus shown for its comfort led, however, to the loss of the specimen. In the words of a friend of Dr. Fleming's, "Its love of liberty eventually proved stronger than the cord by which that liberty was restrained, for during a subsequent washing, with which it was considerably favored off the island of Plada to the south of Aaron, it burst its bonds, and was seen no more for ever."

Off the coast of Iceland there are three island reefs or skerries, which take their name from the garefowl, and there is abundant evidence that on one of these at least the bird lived and bred in considerable numbers during the last and well into the present century. The crew of a Faeroese vessel made a descent on this skerry in 1813 and killed a large number of garefowl; while in 1830 the remnant of this ancient race was still further reduced by the sinking of the skerry beneath the waves during a submarine eruption. The survivors, or part of them, migrated to an island nearer the mainland, where, owing to its greater accessibility, the birds fared worse than ever. "In the course of the next fourteen years, says Professor Newton, who is *par excellence* the historian of this bird, "their numbers annually dwindling, probably not less than sixty of these birds were killed in the newly-selected locality." The last of these—a pair—were taken alive in 1844, and conveyed to the Royal Museum of Copenhagen, where their bodies may now be seen preserved in spirits.

The most important locality for the great auk during historic times seems, however, to have been certain small islands off the coast of Newfoundland, where the death-knell of the species may be said to have been struck by the discovery of America. Lying in the way of mariners going to and from the New World, the sight of those birds in enormous abundance led to those islets becoming a sort of victualling station, where the carcasses of garefowl formed an apparently exhaustless source of savory animal food. The wholesale

destruction of the birds and their eggs which ensued ended, as it could only end, in their total extirpation, which is believed to have taken place much earlier in that locality than in Europe. Forty years ago those islands were visited by a Norwegian naturalist, in order to see what proof might still exist of those early ornithic massacres, and he found still standing the rude stone "pounds" into which the hapless birds had been driven by the sailors, as well as large quantities of their bones. Very recently, also, an Englishman—Mr. J. Milne—landed on the same island for a similar purpose, and brought off the remains of fifty great auks, some of them according to Professor Newton, exceeding in size any that had before been seen.

Species supposed to be extinct have, however, been known to turn up alive; thus the New Zealand *Notornis* was long known only by a few of its bones, until a live specimen was caught by some sailors and eaten. A second specimen has since been taken. That the great auk may thus also be stumbled upon is in the highest degree improbable. For nearly forty years the search for it has been in vain; and although the polar regions have by no means been completely explored, all the evidence is, with one doubtful exception, opposed to the view that the garefowl ever was an arctic species.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND.

HE did not notice them at first. They were such tiny footprints, and were in places where the wash of the waves had half effaced them. And he was a man distraught with trouble; his brain a maelstrom of anguish and hot anger against the man who would turn him out of his home on the morrow, and leave his children without a roof to shelter them.

Ah! that was where it hurt—his children! He was a strong man, equal to meeting the buffettings of fortune, and able to make his

way up again, if he had to begin at the very lowest round of the ladder. He could endure privation and overwork. His wife was young and capable, cheerful and willing. But—the children!

He had been watching their play for the last hour—their happy, careless play, so unconscious were they of coming ill; until he could endure the sight no longer, and had rushed out into the gathering night. How little they guessed that soon they were to leave their comfortable home, the home he had toiled so hard to make, and striven so hard to save!

He had slipped into this strait so easily. That was always the way. Happiness and comfort were only to be wrested from Fate by herculean effort. Poverty and misery waited on the beck of a finger. In the beginning he had needed a little money to provide the necessary implements to cultivate his place. To whom should he so naturally apply as to his wealthy neighbor, Judge Van Alsteyne, who made a business of loaning money, and who lived on the bluff overlooking the sea. He had given a mortgage on his place as security, and how was he to know, what people hinted freely now, that the rich man had long coveted his own little strip of land, which adjoined the judge's extensive grounds? Then had come the dreadful siege of scarlet fever which had attacked his household, and little Annie, narrowly saved from death, had been left a cripple. There was a costly surgical appliance that he had heard would draw the crippled limb back into shape, and it was then that he had asked for the second loan, secured by a second mortgage, that he might take the child down to the famous city surgeon. There was a hope—nothing more than a hope—that sometime the poor, shrunken little limb would be straight and strong again.

His heart softened at the thought of his crippled child; and it was this remembrance of her that stirred him to an interest in the tiny footprints that went on before him. Almost unconsciously and without purpose he began to follow them, wandering aimlessly

about as they wandered, idly noting the places where they turned aside and loitered, marked by shining heaps of shells and mounds of sand.

They were not like his Annie's, these even prints of light and nimble feet. His heart ached anew as he remembered the last time he had born her in his arms to the beach, and the strange trail the poor little lame foot had made, dragging in the sand. This child had a narrow, shapely foot, and in some of the prints there was the distinct mark of a tiny French heel. Why was it that there was nowhere any sign of a larger footprint to guide the little babyish feet? Why did the little footsteps go on and on, never in any place returning? Who was there in all the town that would trust a little child to wander alone on the sands, with the tide at the turn, and night coming on? Who was there in the neighborhood, with a little child the size of his Annie, who might have slipped away without the parents' knowledge, and strayed to this lonely spot, drawn by the music of the waves, the strange magic of the sea?

The answer brought a throb of awful triumph. Who but the people living in the great house on the bluff? The judge's little Annie: the petted darling of fortune, upon whom he had so often looked with jealous eyes, comparing her position with that of his unfortunate little one. And yet it seemed impossible that a child so carefully guarded could escape the vigilance of those whose sole duty it was to watch over her. What reason had he to go on, along the narrow strip of sand hemmed in by the bluffs, risking his own life, it might be, in a fruitless search for a child who had doubtless played there in the afternoon sunshine, and who had probably gone back along the border of the beach, which was now laved by the water? If he should turn back at this moment, to the home where sat his sorrowing wife with his hapless children, what blame could attach to him, if on the morrow the tidings of Judge Van Alstyne's terrible loss should be brought to him? How did it concern him, if Fate was

about to deal to this man who had so persecuted him, a blow more deadly than this that had been leveled at himself?

He looked back towards the great house. There were lights in all the rooms. Even at that distance he seemed to see figures rushing to and fro, and the signs of unusual agitation and excitement. The next instant he rueful the loss of even that moment of waning daylight, and bending low to make sure of the direction of the little footprints, ran swiftly on.

He did not stop to reason with himself that thus would he pray to be dealt with by another, should the lives of his children be imperiled. The instinct of humanity in him was more powerful than self-interest, and he obeyed it blindly, oblivious of every other thought but that an innocent life was endangered, which it might be his privilege to save.

Once, twice, thrice, he knelt in the gloom and searched for the dim impressions he was following, and the last time he felt cautiously with his fingers on the cold, wet sand, to verify the testimony of his eyes, in the failing light.

At length he seemed to hear a faint cry in the distance, around a rocky point. The sound lent him new strength. A few rods beyond the point there was a run of clear water, often mistaken for an inlet of the sea. He and others familiar with the coast knew that it was a stream of fresh water, flowing down from the mountains and sinking in the marshes back of the bluffs in this locality, only to pierce the cliffs at an unknown depth below the water level, and to bubble forth afresh where the sea laved their base. At high water, stream and ocean merged into one, but at low water the stream rippled forth to join the sea. And at the place where it welled up from its underground passage, there were dangerous quicksands. One mis-step, and the frightened child, groping on in the night, would meet a horrible doom, swallowed up in a moment by the greedy suction of the sands.

There was a flutter of a white garment on a narrow strip of sand, bordered on one side

by the advancing tide, on the other by the stream, with its treacherous, bad and crumbling banks. He shouted to warn the child of her danger, and the waves drowned his cry. Confused, exhausted, terrified at the great breakers that rose with a thundering roar and fell again to dash themselves over the sand in foaming sheets that lapped her feet, she stumbled in the direction of the quicksands; and it was on the edge of the crumbling banks of sand that Richard Mansfield caught her.

He was strangely happy and light-hearted as he raised the little girl in his arms. The saving of this human life had done more for him than any after reward could do. What to him were the angry waves that dashed about his feet, and hurrying before him, filled up a broad, deep channel, through which he must plunge before he could reach the solid ground beyond! What to him was the shrieking wind that bore down upon him, sounding its shrillest blasts in his ears! He tore off his coat and wrapped it around the shivering little form. What to him were the anxieties of the morrow, when life held forth to him such a glad privilege in the eleventh hour of his despair!

Absorbed in his children, with the narrow exclusion that often marks strong parental love which hordes all for its own, Richard Mansfield had never been drawn towards other children. But as the judge's little daughter, overcome by a babyish memory of her trials, moaned and sobbed, he bent over her with a throb of truest affection, soothed her with tender words, and kissed her tumbled hair.

There were lights moving amid the shrubbery on the Van Alsteyne place; more lights on the narrow strip of beach below, defining timorous figures which searched the tide pools, and crouched and peered out upon the foaming waters, fearful of a burden they might bear upon their breast. Drenched through and through, chilled and stiffened, with his strength nigh spent, he passed them all, labored up the bluff, and laid his burden in the father's arms.

The judge, distracted by the anguish he

had undergone, silently received the child, and her deliverer, unrecognized, passed out into the darkness.

It was as he would have asked. Strange complexity of human nature; he could meet the humiliation and defeat of the morrow with new spirit, sustained by the secret knowledge of this splendid triumph over his enemy.

Of such was the lofty courage of the Christ, upborn by the glad consciousness that He died to save them that persecuted Him.

But fate, or the over-ruling power that we call Providence, in these days does not always give his own way to a man who would suffer in silence at the hands of one whom he has blessed. Late that evening, Judge Van Alsteyne, watching his sleeping child in silent rejoicing, awoke to a sudden sense of obligation undischarged. He went down to the servants' quarters, where he found the men drinking the health of his household in his wine. They started up sheepishly at his entrance, for the judge was a stern man, and somebody was sure to be blamed for the mishap that had befallen the little lady. But this time it was the judge who was embarrassed; he hesitating, almost deprecating in his manner and speech:

"Which of you was it that brought back the child? I was so troubled—beside myself—that I did not notice. Which one among you was it?"

There was a moment's awkward silence. Then the coachman replied:

"It wasn't none of us, sir. 'Twas a man that 'd been out walking on the sands. He lives close by. Dick Mansfield; him that has the crippled child."

The judge passed out without a word.

Richard Mansfield! The man whose petty debt, so long unpaid, had been a vexation to him, when his mind was engrossed with larger matters. One mortgage had been renewed. It had become due with the second one, the middle of December; but the man had asked for more time, and he had given him until past New Year's. He did not like to use harsh measures just after the holiday season,

but he had told him that business was business, and that the money must be paid in the early part of January, or he would be compelled to foreclose. The fellow had seemed so thriftless and down at the heel. The interest had never been promptly paid. And so he had a crippled child!

The judge was walking down his garden path, hastening toward the dim light that shone in the window of the cottage. The night was raw, and the wind still blustered and shrieked, sure indication of a brooding storm on the Pacific shore. He buttoned up his coat and shivered as he thought that his little daughter might even now have been at the mercy of wind and wave. A queer freak for a man to be walking on the sands on such a night! He must have been distracted to choose such a place in such weather. Disttracted! This was the fifteenth day of the new year, and it was tomorrow that he had declared the mortgage should be foreclosed. And there was the crippled child.

Richard Mansfield, sitting beside his sleeping child, his head bowed in his hands, not now in despair, but in a stout effort to master the situation before him, heard something that sounded like a muffled knock at the door. He raised his head, alarmed at the late call, and the judge entered without bidding, in a gust of wind that rocked the frail tenement and disturbed the gentle sleeper, who stirred and muttered brokenly, then slumbered again.

The judge looked down upon the painted crib, the tiny crutch, whittled out by hand, that stood beside it; the patchwork coverlet and the wan cheek, and remembered the rounded cheek of the little sleeper he had left pillow'd on down, beneath a canopy of lace.

The man who could without emotion pronounce sentence upon a criminal, who was called the most clear-headed and hard-hearted of usurers in the conduct of his private business, experienced a queer rising in his throat when he essayed to speak.

A tear fell on the faded coverlet. He reached out his hand to the man who stood beside him, and Richard Mansfield knew that

his days of hopeless poverty and strife were past.

Flora Haines Laughend.

BUSINESS FOR BOYS.

AMONG the many examples that might be brought forward to show what can be done by industry, the career of JOHN STEPHENSON, THE STREET CAR BUILDER, is chosen for the subject of this chapter.

Stephenson's father was a working man, and comfortably situated in life. He intended his son John to follow the mercantile business, and at the age of sixteen years he was given employment in a dry goods establishment of New York City, the place where the family resided.

The young man had no taste for the mercantile profession. His inclination was for mechanical pursuits. Before he went to work in the dry goods store, he had as a boy amused himself by making all sorts of contrivances with a pocket knife. In a room which he had he spent much of his time at this, to him a most interesting occupation.

After remaining three years in the dry goods store, he told his father of his love for mechanical labor, and the latter, like a wise parent, sought to procure him a situation better suited to his liking. A place was next obtained for him in a coach-building shop, owned by a man named Andrew Wade. After serving in this shop for some time, he went to work for another coach-builder on Broadway, by the name of Brower. Young Stephenson soon realized that, to make a first-class mechanic he needed a better education, and for this purpose he attended an evening school, where he studied drawing and other branches which he considered would be a benefit to him in following the occupation he had chosen.

Here let me say that if a young man has no inclination to attend school while of school age, if he is willing to work let him find something that suits him and go to work at it. If

he is ambitious to excel, it will not be long before he discovers the benefits an education would be to him, and he will be willing to return to school again, or else take up studies at home during evenings. Many boys who go to school show a great indifference about getting their lessons because they have no idea of what use the things they are expected to learn, will ever be to them. If it were possible for every boy who shows a lack of interest in school lessons, to get work for a year or so at something which would require the exercise of his mental powers, he would then appreciate the benefits of education.

Mr. Stephenson after remaining with Brower, the coach-builder, a few years, started in business for himself. He devoted a good deal of attention to the matter of improving the method of building coaches; the result was he invented the street car, or horse car, as it is sometimes called. The car he first built after his own design, was run on the streets of New York for the first time in the year 1832.

Having established a business of his own, and having invented a conveyance for which there was a possibility of being a demand in all large cities, at least, one might suppose it to be an easy matter for this young genius to succeed in making for himself a fortune. The first year, however, what seemed to be at the time a great misfortune, befell him. His shop was entirely burned and he lost all he had. This did not discourage him though. "I felt the loss keenly then," he says, in narrating his experience during that time, "but as I look back I can see how good a thing it was for me. It developed my character; made me more able to meet reverses, and induced me to redouble my energies."

Determined to recover the loss if possible, by extra exertions, he immediately started up in business again. He was enabled to do this by borrowing \$500 from his uncle. Soon his business became prosperous and continued so for a few years. But reverses again overtook him. During the seven years from 1836 to 1843 business was dull. Money was

scarce and it was impossible to collect pay for work he had done. Financial failures were common, and real estate values went down to only one-tenth of what they had been. He struggled hard to bear up through this period of depression, but he was compelled to permit a mortgage on the land where his shops were built, to be foreclosed and property he considered worth \$80,000 went for \$16,000. He was now plunged into debt to the amount of \$50,000!

For a third time Stephenson started anew in business. He felt that his patrons had confidence in him and he took courage. Business prospects soon brightened, and a time of prosperity followed the years of business stagnation and adversity. He had no more such ill success to contend with, and in seven years he says, he made a clean sweep of all his debts.

From that time to the present he has continued in the business of car-building, and inventing. He has obtained more than one hundred patents for mechanical contrivances, and now spends his time mostly in perfecting other inventions.

The cars turned out of the shops of John Stephenson are now in use in nearly every country of the civilized world. He says they are to be found in every country of Europe except Switzerland and Italy. They are in forty cities of Mexico, in every city of note in South America, in India, Japan, Australia and other places, besides in our own country, and right here in our own Territory.

Mr. Stephenson is now eighty-one years of age and is still active. With all his business cares he finds time and takes pleasure in attending Sabbath School on Sundays. He is a teacher and has a class of forty pupils. His example in this respect is a good one, and might be followed with profit by others. If men engaged in business would give up all thoughts of their daily work on a Sabbath and observe it as it should be, they would find themselves better prepared for another week's labor on a Monday morning.

Mr. Stephenson has this to say to young

men: "To young men and others in business for themselves, I would say, still work on. Don't give way to adversity. When dark times came upon me, I always trusted it was for the best, and patiently worked on and hoped for good times to come again. And they came. Today I am not a millionaire, but I am in comfortable circumstances, and happy."

SIR HARRY VANE.

His Glorious Life and Death.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.)

FIRST in the stupendous drama of the Long Parliament, came the impeachment of the prime minister, the Earl of Strafford; and it was principally through the evidence supplied by Sir Harry Vane that he was convicted and brought to the scaffold. He had shown to Pym a paper which he had found among the papers of his father, the Secretary of State, which contained old Vane's notes of a council, at which Strafford had recommended the introduction of the Irish army to reduce England to obedience to the will of the King, Strafford being at that time, Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. It was that paper that brought the Earl of Strafford to the block.

We cannot follow the series of events of the history of the controversy between the King and the Parliament, and must now merely touch a few links as they connect with this biography.

With the fall and execution of the Earl of Strafford, as every reader of the history of those times knows, the doom of Charles also drew near. It was brought about by just such an act of this King as he perpetrated when he caused Sir John Eliot to be seized and dragged to the Tower.

On the 4th of January, 1642, (memorable day in the history of England) the King went down to the House of Commons with all his guard and pensioners, and two or three hundred gentlemen and soldiers, mostly

armed, to demand the Commons to deliver up to him five of their members whom he had caused to be indicted for high treason. They were Pym, Hampden, Hollis, Hereling and Strode. But the Commons resolved to protect their leaders and had connived their escape, having the day before refused to deliver them up to a sergeant-at-arms on the King's order. In his haughty insolence, he twitted the House that "his birds had flown," but he would seek them himself. On his way out of the House the cry of "privilege! privilege!" from many voices of the members reached his ears. On the next day he went into the city where the five members were hid, having sent to the Lord Mayor to call a common council to aid him against the Parliament. As he went through the city, shouts from the people rose of "Privilege of Parliament," and then the startling cry, "To thy tents, oh Israel!" the words which were heard when the ten tribes abandoned Rehoboam, the son of Solomon. And thus commenced the war between Charles I. and the Parliament; thus began the reign of the commonwealth.

Soon the soldiers of the Parliament were in the field; and soon the mighty Cromwell had gathered around him his troops of invincible Ironsides, who, before the war closed, astounded Europe with their deeds, the echoes of which will ring down through the ages for a thousand years. The King, however, was the first to raise the standard of war, so that the crime of civil war was laid to his charge, and for which at last, he was brought to trial and beheaded.

Severe reverses were suffered by the Parliament during the second year of the civil war. Hampden was slain in battle; Pym declined with almost every hour, and on the 8th of December, 1643, this glorious patriot and statesman died at Derby House. Vane succeeded him, and from this time to the reign of the Protectorate, he was the first man in the State—in his place the sovereign of the Commonwealth, as Cromwell, was in the army.

The office of the treasurer of the navy,

which he had held under Charles, was re-conferred on him by Parliament; but he was now chief and alone. He was alike the head of the State and the Navy, and also the director of the armies of the Parliament, the real minister of war.

The cause of the people triumphed, the Parliament was victorious on the land, and on the sea; the King was executed; the reign of the commonwealth was now supreme. And here before closing the glorious Life of Sir Harry Vane, crowning it with his equally glorious death, as a martyr to the cause of his country and his race, I will rest the narrative awhile to review the character of this wondrous revolution, and to give an exposition of those peculiar views which made up his life and character.

To understand the revolution of the seventeenth century we must go back to the English civilization, as begun by Alfred the Great, and to the constitutional kingdom which he founded for the principles of his government, to which the patriots and statesmen of the commonwealth were ever appealing, while the Stuarts appealed to the principles of an absolute monarchy, and arrogated to themselves the "right divine of kings," irrespective of the will of the people. The basis of their governments were, therefore, the very reverse of each other, as, of course, was also the genius which inspired them. The commonwealth which Sir Harry Vane and his co-patriots established was substantially the restoration of Alfred's kingdom and its genius, and aims the same; and here it should be affirmed that the basis of both was the Hebrew theocracy.

Alfred's conceptions were purely Saxon, but with this Hebrew typing from the Bible, as it were, it is scarcely necessary to say the conceptions of Sir Harry Vane, Cromwell and Milton. Theirs was no priestly mysticism of divine right, but a thorough English view of the religion of human rights. Indeed, we see in its history how natural it was for that nation which brought forth an Alfred to also bring forth constitutional govern-

ments, and lastly republican institutions. Alfred was no accident of his race, but its legitimate offspring, and his genius and character are English to the last degree. He was, moreover, what has, since his day, been known as Protestant, as much so as were Vane, Cromwell and Milton, and the rest of the Puritan demolishers of kingcraft of England and America. His legacy of wisdom which he left, in his charge, to his son Edward, as well as the literary and philosophical fragments which he has left in writing, manifest that healthy simplicity so characteristic in early Puritanism in its religious and political economies. That grand mysticism of the Romanish priesthood, which awed nations and reduced them to mental and spiritual servitude, is altogether un-English and un-American; and that it is so we have only to go back a thousand years to Alfred to find the proof thereof. George Washington himself was not a better illustration that the Saxon race is in its genius both Protestant and republican than was the immortal lawgiver of England. Absolutism and despotism are as unnatural to it as kingcraft must ever be to the American mind.

The civilization of the great Alfred became obscured by the conquest of William the Norman, and the equal conquest of the English church by the Norman priest, Lanfranc, by whose advice the troop of monks carried the bones of the saints before William's army when he invaded England. The Norman became king of England, and Lanfranc, who was the very type of the Romish hierarchy, the primate of the realm; and with him began what may be considered the establishment of the Roman Catholic Church of England. Before that it was the English Christian Church, established by Alfred, and connected with Rome only so far as Rome was connected with the church which Christ and His apostles founded. Such, indeed, were the views and affirmations of the English Protestant divines, who, in the reformation of the fifteenth century, maintained the example of the original English church, just as the

men of the commonwealth in the seventeenth century did the constitution and principles of Alfred's kingdom.

The civilization and constitutional work of Alfred became obscured by the gorgeous chivalry of the Norman kings and nobles, which substituted the heroics of the crusaders for the apostolic gospel of the fishermen of Galilee. The simple Anglo-Saxon Christianity, typified in the almost apostolic kingship (to so express it) of Edward the Confessor, was over-awed by the pontifical imperialism which embodied itself in Gregory VII., at whose feet the Emperor Henry of Germany knelt after performing his pilgrimage to Rome as penance to propitiate that haughty prelate who had taught the descendants of Charlemagne that in him the church was superior to the states. Between that time and Henry VIII. of England, the Latin civilization had dominated Europe.

At length came the return to the English civilization as typed by Alfred, and what we may call the restoration of the English church as *versus* the Romish church, and with it the restoration of the constitution kingdom. To fully consummate the latter was the special work of the statesmen of the commonwealth, and therein was their controversy with the Stuarts, for be it observed that this was all their constitutional struggle at first meant; the execution of Charles I. was the result of his unlawful opposition to that restoration.

Charles I. was brought to trial for the violation of the assumed covenant between the king and the people, which his judges and the statesmen of the commonwealth maintained resided in the very existence and constitution of their kingdom. The indictments read to the king at his trial ran: "A charge of high treason on behalf of the people of England against Charles Stuart, etc."

Astonished at such terms as high treason in the king against the people, he not only protested against the Court, but laid his staff across the shoulder of the Solicitor-General, interrupting his reading of the charge. "I

would know by what authority I am brought here," he said, and was answered by Lord President Bradshaw: "By the authority of the people of England, of whom you are elected king."

"I deny that," he said; "England never was an elective kingdom, but a hereditary monarchy these thousand years."

"Silence, sir," said Bradshaw, "and listen to the charge against you."

"I do not come here," persisted Charles, "submitting to this court. I see no House of Lords here. No earthly power can [call me, who am your king, in question. Where the word of a king is, there is power; and who may say to him, 'What dost thou?' The king can do no wrong."

But the Lord President silenced him.

"We are satisfied with our authority that are your judges, and it is upon God's authority and the kingdom's."

Nothing, I think, could be more illustrative of the genius of the British commonwealth, as designed by its statesmen, than Sir Harry Vane's writings, and his defense and statements at his own trial, which led him to the block, a martyr for the cause he thus expounded; for, let it be observed, he was not executed as one of the "regeicides," he not having signed the death warrant of Charles; nor was he one of the judges who sat in the High Commissioner's Court at the king's trial. He died for the cause of God and the people which he had championed throughout his life, and for nothing else whatever, only as Charles II. and his ministers chose to construe his just and constitutional controversy with the late king. In an "Essay on Government," which was left among his papers at his death, he lays down the following philosophical maxim:

"Ancient foundations, when once they become destructive to those very ends for which they were first ordained, and prove hindrances to the good and enjoyment of human societies, to the true worship of God, and the safety of the people, are for their sakes, and upon the same reasons, to be al-

tered for which they were first laid. In the way of God's justice they may be shaken and removed, in order to accomplish the counsels of His will upon such a state, nation or kingdom, in order to introduce a righteous government of His own framing."

This philosophical maxim, at least the first part of it, is identical with that of the American Declaration of Independence; and one could easily imagine that its framer was familiar with and was inspired by the republican maxim of Sir Harry Vane; the latter part, however, is the theocratic, which signifies that when human governments have been sufficiently tried and failed, then it was to be expected that, in "the way of God's justice," He will shake and remove them in order to set up His own kingdom—the Kingdom of God upon the earth. And not only is this theocratic vein of the philosophy of government to be traced in his essays, Parliamentary speeches, and defenses at his trials, but the same is also found in the writings, speeches and expositions of government, delivered by Sir John Eliot and John Pym, in their famous controversies with the Stuarts and impeachments of the king's favorites, Buckingham, Laud and Strafford, as it is also in the republican tracts of John Milton. Indeed, it was this blending of theocracy and democracy that constituted the type and genius of the British commonwealth, and the aims of those grand, God-fearing men who were the prophets, seers and revelators of a new dispensation of governments.

The aims of the British commonwealth have been preserved and perpetuated in the Constitution and Government of the United States, so far as the embodiment of the republican half of their work; but the theocracy which formed the supreme half of their designed economy, both for England and America, has no residence in our modern aims. The Mormon commonwealth alone resembles that of the aims of these God-fearing men of the seventeenth century so far as their theory of government went. For instance, how like is the following from a re-

markable treatise of Sir Harry Vane, entitled, "The People's Case Stated," to Orson Pratt's tracts entitled, "The Kingdom of God," or to John Taylor's tract, "The Government of God." This treatise was written not long before his death, while imprisoned in one of the isles of Scilly. It was an elaborate statement of his views of the justifications which he conceived the people and their leaders to have had in their attempts to alter the monarchical institutions. At the opening of his argument he lays down these rules:

"The end of all government being for the good and welfare, and not for the destruction of the ruled, God, who is the institutor of government, as he is pleased to ordain the office of Governors, intrusting them with power to command the just and reasonable things which his own law commands, that carry their own evidence to common reason and sense, at least that do not evidently contradict it, so he grants liberty to the subjects, or those that by him are put under the rule, to refuse all commands that are contrary to his law, or to the judgment of common reason and sense, whose trial he allows, by way of assent or dissent, before the commands of the ruler shall be binding or put in execution; and this in a co-ordinancy of power with just government, and as the due balance thereof, for," he adds, in words of deepest truth and significance, "*the original impressions of just laws are in man's nature and very constitution of being.* * * * God doth allow and confer by the very laws of nature, upon the community or body of the people, that are related to and concerned in the right of government placed over them, the liberty, by their common vote or suffrage duly given, to be assenters or dissenters thereunto, and to affirm and make stable, or disallow and render ineffectual, what shall apparently be found by them to be for the good or hurt of society, whose welfare, next under the justice of God's commands and his glory, is the supreme law and very end of all subordinate governing power. Sovereign

power, then, comes from God, as its power-root, but the restraint or enlargement of it, in its execution over such a body, is found in the common consent of that body. The office of chief ruler, or head over any state, commonwealth, or kingdom, hath the right of due obedience from the people inseparably annexed to it. It is an office not only of divine institution, but for the safety and protection of the whole body or community, and therefore justly and necessarily draws to it, and engages their subjection. * * * The highest judgment and will set up by God for angels and men, in their particular beings, to hold proportion with, and bear conformity unto (in the capacity of ruled in relation to their chief ruler), shines forth in the person of Christ, the ingrafted Word; and when, by the agreement or common consent of a nation or state, there is such a constitution and form of administration pitched upon us as in a standing and ordinary way may derive and convey the nearest and greatest likeness in human laws, or acts of such a constitution, unto the judgment and will of the Supreme Legislator, it is thereby that the government or supreme power comes to receive being in a nation or state, and is brought into exercise according to God's ordinance and divine institution. So, then, it is not so much the form of the administration as the thing administered, wherein the evil or good of government doth consist; that is to say, a greater likeness or unlikeness unto the judgment and will of the highest Being, in all the acts or laws flowing from the fundamental constitution of the government."

E. W. Tullidge.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Home Rule and Statehood Bills.

THERE is one peculiarity among many others connected with the work of God in these last days that is quite noticeable. It is the constant interest that is being kept up in general affairs among the people who belong to the Church, through the action of the world upon our question. The Latter-day Saints are not allowed to stagnate or to sink into apathy and indifference. They are constantly being stirred up to thought and activity by measures that are agitated or discussed in connection with their interests. There is scarcely a week that there is not something new happening, and as the years roll by these happenings take a much wider range than they did formerly. Our affairs now assume national importance. In early days the agitation of our question was confined to a somewhat narrow circle—a neighborhood, in the first place; afterwards a county; then a State. But now it is the United States, and, in fact, the discussion of our case is extended to foreign nations.

At the present time the questions of the hour in Salt Lake City are the passage of the home-rule bill by Congress, and the admission of Utah into the Union as a State. Both these propositions have their advocates.

The Democrats favor the home-rule bill, as being the only one likely to be received with favor by the country and Congress, and the only one likely to pass and become a law.

The Republicans appear to think that admission as a State is preferable, and that it will be as easy to pass an enabling act to make Utah a State as to pass the home-rule bill.

The Democrats believe that the home-rule bill would bring great relief to Utah, and its passage prepare the way for the admission of Utah at the proper time. It would furnish a sort of probationary period, in which the people could show their sincerity, and that they are really qualified for the change that

DIFFERENCE IN AIR.—Doctor—What do I see, Herr Krause, you sitting here in the damp wine cellar? Patient—You ordered me change of air, and you will readily admit that the air down here is very different from that in the room above.

admission will bring. The argument of the Democrats is that there is a distrust in the country at the present time that cannot be overcome all at once; but that home-rule would give the people an opportunity to disprove many of the accusations brought against them, and would eventually create a public sentiment in the country favorable to the admission of Utah. They do not generally express opposition to the admission of the Territory now; but they do not believe it possible to obtain favorable action at present on that proposition.

The Republicans on the other hand, think this a half-way measure. They assert that Congress will not favor such a scheme as is embodied in the home-rule bill, and that if it were to become law it would postpone the admission of the Territory for years. They therefore say that they would prefer to see Utah admitted at once, and think she is prepared for it. They believe that an enabling act should be passed.

Probably there are some Republicans who entertain different views in relation to admission, just as there are Democrats who do not approve of the home-rule bill, but who think that Utah is entitled to admission now.

With such diversity of views upon these important questions, there is an ample field for discussion.

Of course, what is called the Liberal party oppose both these bills. They neither want Utah admitted as a State, nor do they want home-rule. They are a party of rule or ruin. The greater portion of them have no interest in the country, but are a floating population and drift in here from all quarters, remain a short time, and then move off again. There are a few political managers who have a residence here—reckless, unscrupulous, unprincipled men, who descend to all kinds of trickery to accomplish their objects; and after they are accomplished laugh at the simplicity of those whom they rob of their rights, because they do not adopt the same nefarious methods to which they resort. Some of these men are credited with being smart, and in speaking of

them, the expression is frequently used by their admirers that “so-and-so is a very smart fellow.” Judged by this standard, Satan himself, might be called smart. And who is there that cannot gain that sort of credit if he will throw aside conscience and every feeling of justice, honesty and right, and have recourse to all manner of falsehood and tricks to accomplish his ends?

It has been the history of the world that wicked men and evil-doers frequently flourish and for a time appear to be successful. Honest, fair-dealing, upright men appear to stand no chance of success against them. But sooner or later dishonest, untruthful, corrupt men bring upon themselves the fate which they deserve, and their successes and triumphs prove to be very temporary. This has been abundantly proved in our history.

At the present time this city is in the hands of such a class as we describe. They have gained their ends by using the most unworthy and disreputable means. In this pending election they may again succeed, by using the same methods. But their success will not be durable, and in the end they will be overthrown; while the truthful, the honest, the conscientious and the upright will live and prosper, and in the end triumph.

On the 11th of February it is proposed to give a hearing before a committee of Congress to the advocates of the home-rule bill. Those who are opposed to the measure will also have an opportunity to give their views. The Democrats, doubtless, will have a representation there, and I suppose the so-called Liberals will be represented in opposition as their effort will be to kill both these measures.

It is a great pity that men cannot lay aside their differences of opinion and unite in some action that would be for the benefit of the whole Territory. A great many non-Mormons who at their homes were Democrats and Republicans have come here with the expectation of staying. This will be their home, and the home probably of their children, as it is our home, and will, I trust, be the home of our children. There is a common ground

upon which we all can stand, without regard to religious views, or even political views, and that ground is the promotion of the welfare of the Territory, the increase of its liberties and of its influence. The people of this Territory are entitled to every right that any other people in the United States possess. They have shown their capacity for self-government. That which has been done in making Utah what it is today is the proof of this. Why should any man who expects this to be his home desire to have the Territory remain as a Territory, with its restrictions and limitations, living in a species of bondage instead of that full and perfect freedom to which every citizen is entitled? The Latter-day Saints have shown their willingness to meet their fellow-citizens in an honorable, straightforward way. They have dissolved the People's Party, and they have begun to array themselves with the national political parties, and expect to act in concert with them. They have done this in good faith, with the full expectation of adhering to this line of action. They may not be as familiar with national politics as they would have been had they been permitted to have had a voice and a vote in national affairs; but they are intelligent and will soon grasp these in all their details. Whenever the Territory shall be admitted as a State, the young men of Utah will be found as well versed in the true knowledge of government and the different views entertained by leading statesmen concerning government as any people within the confines of the Union; in fact, knowing them as I do, I believe they will excel any other equal number to be found anywhere.

There is one characteristic that Latter-day Saints have proved to be theirs, and that is reliability. Their word, speaking of the people as a whole, has been as strong as their bond. Some persons pretend to have fear about their sincerity in this movement, and seem to question the amount of dependence that can be placed upon them. There is not the least ground for such a fear. The history of the people is full of illustrations of their

fidelity in keeping their word and being true in all their relations.

If there could be a delegation of citizens, of all classes, go to Washington and represent the true condition of affairs here, and be united in that which they desire, it would have great weight with the Congress of the United States, because there is no Territory of those recently admitted into the Union as States that can compare upon any point with Utah, and all that prevents the recognition of her claims are the divisions among her people. As long as these exist, her requests will not receive the attention they deserve.

The Editor.

FIRST INDIAN WAR IN UTAH.

THE "History of Utah," by Bishop O. F. Whitney, the first volume of which is now in press, contains a graphic description of an encounter between the early settlers of the Territory and a band of Utes. The story of this, the first Indian war in Utah, will be interesting to our youthful readers, we therefore extract the following narration from the work above mentioned:

"In the summer of 1848 the settlers in Salt Lake Valley had been visited by several hundred Indians, men, women and children. They were Utahs and were accompanied by their noted chiefs Sowiette and Walkara—anglicised Walker. According to Parley P. Pratt these Indians were 'good-looking, brave and intelligent,' superior to any other savages he had seen west of the Rocky Mountains. They came to trade horses, of which they had a numerous band, and to cultivate friendly relations with the settlers. They expressed a wish to amalgamate with them, to learn the arts of peace and become civilized. They wanted some of the colonists to go with them and teach them to farm in their valleys to the southward. This the settlers could not then do, but promised that in the future they would come among them and teach them as they desired. This promise

was duly kept, not only because it had been made, but because the Latter-day Saints believe it a portion of their mission to reclaim

"Sowiette, who was king of the Utah nation, scarcely needed this good advice, if local tradition may be relied upon. He was



INDIAN CRADLE.

and civilize the red men. They advised Sowiette and his people to cease their warfare and live at peace with all men.

peaceably disposed, it is said, and though no coward, naturally averse to war and bloodshed. Walker, his subordinate, was of an-

other stamp entirely. He was quarrelsome and blood-thirsty. Stealing was his ordinary vocation, and he would kill whenever it suited his purpose. He and his bands would penetrate at times to west of the Sierras, and raid and rob the California settlements, returning in triumph with their booty to the mountains of Utah. His name was a terror to the whites, and he was also feared and hated by other tribes of Indians.

"It is related that at the time the Pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley a large number of the Utah nation were encamped in Spanish Fork Canyon, Sowiette and Walker both being present. A council was held to consider what policy should be pursued toward the new-comers, of whose arrival these chiefs had heard from some of their scouts and runners. Sowiette counseled peace and friendship for the strangers, with whose past he was somewhat acquainted, and evidently felt for the exiles a noble savage's generous compassion. But Walker, who was nothing if not violent, raised his voice for war and the extermination of the settlers. The younger warriors mostly sided with Walker, but the older and wiser ones stood with Sowiette. Finally Walker intimated that Sowiette was a coward. The old king could stand no more. Seizing a riding whip he advanced upon the turbulent chief and gave him a sound flogging. After that there was no more talk of Sowiette's cowardice, and his peace counsel prevailed. Then followed the visit of the Utes to Salt Lake Valley, as related.

"Walker, however, notwithstanding his professions of friendship for the Mormons, which were probably made out of deference to Sowiette, was soon again on the war-path, stirring up the Indians against the settlers. President Young was so informed by Colonel Bridger and his partner Vasquez, soon after the formation of the first settlement in Utah Valley. Yet the founding of that settlement, it appears, was not only in pursuance of the general colonizing plan of the Mormon President, but in response to the invitation of the savages themselves, for their 'white brothers'

to come among them and teach them how to become civilized.

"The man chosen to lead the colony into Utah Valley was John S. Higbee, one of the original Mormon Pioneers. At the head of about thirty families, with wagons, horses, cattle, cows, farming and building implements, seeds and provisions, he set out from Salt Lake City early in March, 1849, to found a settlement on Provo River. Three days they rolled and trudged along, their progress much impeded by the muddy soil, soaked with spring rains and melting snows. Within a few miles of the spot where they subsequently built their fort and broke the first ground for farming, their progress was barred by a band of Indians, who were at first unwilling that they should proceed. Finally they were permitted to do so. First, however, as the story goes, they were required to solemnly swear that if they were allowed to settle in Utah Valley they would not seek to drive the Indians from their lands, nor deprive them of their rights. Dimick B. Huntington, acting as interpreter for the others, in behalf of his brethren took the required oath, with his right hand lifted to heaven.

"Arriving at the Provo River, they forded it and camped on the south side, near the spot now known as the 'old fort field.' Farming and building immediately began, and by the middle of May the settlers had built a fort and plowed, fenced and planted with wheat, rye and corn the greater portion of a field of two hundred and twenty-five acres. By this time ten additional families had joined them, and the field was divided into forty lots, and one given to each family. The fort was the usual cluster of log houses surrounded by a stockade. This stockade was fourteen feet high, with a gate at either end. From the center arose a log bastion, overlooking all, upon which was mounted one or more cannon, for protection against possible Indian assaults. The savages frequently visited the fort, and for several months were as peaceable and friendly as their white neighbors could desire.

"The Indians, at first so friendly with the Utah Valley colonists, began their depredations in that vicinity in the summer or fall of

uncomfortably near some settler as he was out gathering fuel in the river bottoms.

"The first fight with the Indians took



FAMILY OF INDIANS.

1849. Grain was stolen from the fields, cattle and horses from the herds, and now and then an arrow from an Indian bow would fall

place on Battle Creek, near the site of Pleasant Grove. It occurred in the autumn. There Colonel John Scott, with thirty or

forty men, after a sharp skirmish, defeated the savages under Chief Kone—also called Roman Nose—and drove them up Battle Creek Canyon. Five Indians were killed, but none of Colonel Scott's men were hurt. He had been sent south to recover some stolen horses taken from Orr's herd in Utah Valley, and several cattle stolen from Ezra T. Benson's herd in Tooele. Battle Creek derived its name from this initial encounter between the Indians and the Deseret militia.

"It is said that the Utah Indians never sought revenge for any of their number killed while stealing or making an attack. But the Battle Creek skirmish which was not strictly an affair of that kind, could not but have the effect of straining the relations between the settlers and their savage neighbors, and extinguishing in the hearts of the latter what sparks of friendship yet remained. They continued their petty depredations, and became bolder and more insolent daily. The settlers at Fort Utah would occasionally fire their cannon to warn the redskins that they were not unmindful of their misdeeds, and were prepared to maintain their rights. But the Indians were not to be awed by sound and smoke. Their nefarious practices went on. They were evidently provoking a conflict. Stock continued to be taken from the herds, and all efforts to recover stolen property were stoutly resisted. Finally the Indians began firing on the settlers as they issued from their fort, and at last the stockade was virtually in a state of siege.

"No longer was it arrows alone that fell around them. Bullets whizzed past their ears. The Indians were now well supplied with firearms and ammunition, obtained in exchange for horses, mostly from California emigrants who had passed through the country."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHOSOEVER is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion is more in love with his own opinion than with truth.

SONG OF THE CREEK.

THE mountain height is my delight,
Where snow drifts rift and rally ;
I sweep them down from clifts that frown
To bless the smiling valley.

The gushing rills that rut the hills

In warm and sultry weather
I blend in one, and in the sun
I make them sport together.

I rush along, with merry song,
To banish gloom and sadness ;
I cheer the hearth with songs of mirth
And tales of future gladness ;
I drive the mill the bins that fill
With meal fresh from the hopper ;
I buzz the saw where cattle draw
The logs in from the chopper.

I leap, I dance, as I advance
Among the brush and boulders ;
I fill with joy the fisher boy
With trout-sack on his shoulders.
As on I pass, the tangled grass
And willows stoop to kiss me ;
While birds elate, that pair and mate
With deafening chatter bless me.

I frisk about and scatter out
To fill a thousand ditches ;
I flood the ground where grains abound
And fill the land with riches ;
I grow sweet hay upon my way,
And roots both plump and dainty,
To feed the cows that low and browse
And yield the dairy's plenty.

At his flood-gates the gardener waits
And longs to see me coming,
To soak his trees, where busy bees
Are in the clover humming.
I make him smile in happy style
And dream of wealth bestowing ;
I make his hoe with ardor go
To keep his stuff agrowing.

Those lovely things, the babbling springs,
Trust secrets to my keeping ;
I waft them on to deck the lawn
And save the flowers from weeping.
Of fold and brake the thirst I slake ;
I quench the flame's distressing.
So thus you see how much to me
The world now owes of blessing.

J. C.

THE tusks of an ordinary elephant weigh about a hundred and twenty pounds.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 1, 1892.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Gambling—The Coming of Christ.



Nesteemed correspondent writes to us upon a subject which we have mentioned in our columns previously, viz., raffling and lotteries. He agrees with us in the sentiments we expressed on that occasion, and feels sure, he says, that every Latter-day Saint who is in possession of the spirit of the gospel will also agree with them. But he asks us if raffling and lotteries are not to be encouraged among the Latter-day Saints, what about gambling on horse racing, etc.? He makes the statement that betting on horse racing is now carried on in the region where he lives to an alarming extent; that boys from ten years old up, and even Elders and Seventies, indulge in this practice. He goes so far as to say that every little boy almost that can raise a nickel bets with other boys, and he asks us, who can blame them when they see men holding the Melchisedek Priesthood, and men high in authority, too, setting the example?

Evils of this character grow upon people almost before they are aware of it, where they commence to indlge in games of chance, in raffling, in lotteries and other methods of that kind, by which with a little risk sometimes quite a reward is obtained. Card-playing is a practice that leads very frequently to betting and gambling. Those who yield to this claim that it adds interest to the game to have a little stake put up, and justify themselves for doing this by that kind of an excuse. Such a practice is exceedingly dangerous, especially to young persons. When it is indulged in for any length of time the excitement of play becomes necessary to them, and they are not happy, if they have any leisure

time, unless they are gratifying that feeling. No one that is accustomed to card-playing feels easy in company, no matter how interesting the conversation may be, if there is an opportunity to indulge in that amusement. They crave the excitement which it brings, and especially if to the card-playing is added the putting up of stakes.

Horse-racing is another form of the same passion; for it really becomes with many people an overmastering passion. And gambling in these different ways becomes as necessary to the enjoyment of those who follow it as the use of liquor does to the man who has acquired the habit of drinking.

Our correspondent says that prominent men in the Stake where he lives indulge in the practice of betting on horse-racing. Such persons should be called to an account for such conduct; for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, as we understand its doctrines and its requirements, does not sanction such conduct in its members; and if a test were brought before any of its councils, such men would either have to stop the practice of betting or lose the fellowship of the Saints. Not only do they violate the rules of the Church, so far as they themselves are concerned, but they expose themselves to censure and condemnation because of the example they set to younger people. No good can result from any such habit, and we trust that all the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will most carefully avoid anything that would lead them to betting in any form, or indulging in any kinds of games of chance.

This is a gambling age, and the spirit of gambling presents itself in many forms. Not only is there betting upon cards and running horses, but much money is bet on the fights of pugilists, and of birds and animals; and it also finds vent on stock exchanges, where stocks are bought and sold. In some parts of the country mining stocks are bought and sold on speculation to such an extent that it has almost become a mania that has taken possession of all classes of society. This is particularly the case, we are told, in some

parts of California. In the east the gambling in stocks is carried on to such an extent that fortunes are made and lost in a very short time. Men who are in possession of large fortunes sink to destitution and beggary through the losses that they incur in their stock operations. All this is wrong. It leads to the worst of evils, and its pernicious effects are felt throughout society. The same results are witnessed in other lands, but probably not to the same extent as in the United States.

We cannot use too strong language in warning the young and old of our community against indulging in this spirit; for it not only endangers property, but it leads to even more serious consequences and is liable to destroy the soul of man. If any man, therefore, has been guilty of betting in any form, we hope he will forsake the evil practice and do all in his power to restrain and entirely bring to an end the practice among the young people who are growing up around him.

WE are informed that there has been some controversy in one of the theological classes upon the subject of the second or final coming of the Savior upon the earth. Our friend who writes us says there are those who maintain and seek to establish that this great event will not take place until after the Millennium. Others of the class are of an opposite opinion, and believe that His coming will be before the Millennium. Those who seek to prove that the second coming of our Lord will be after the Millennium rely mainly, we are informed, on a remark made by the Prophet Joseph, December 30, 1842, and which is recorded on the 274th page of the Compendium, to the following effect:

"Christ and the resurrected Saints will reign over the earth during the thousand years. They will not probably dwell on the earth, but will visit it when they please, or when it is necessary to govern it."

If we take the revelations which the Lord has given unto us, it appears that nothing

plainer can be set forth than the great truth that the coming of the Lord will precede the Millennium or the thousand years of rest. Those interested in this question can find what the Lord has said upon this subject in many sections of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants to which we can refer. The 29th section is full of the subject. In that revelation the Lord says:

For the hour is nigh, and the day soon at hand when the earth is ripe: and all the proud, and they that do wickedly, shall be as stubble, and I will burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that wickedness shall not be upon the earth;

For the hour is nigh, and that which was spoken by mine apostles must be fulfilled; for as they spoke so shall it come to pass;

For I will reveal myself from heaven with power and great glory, with all the hosts thereof, and dwell in righteousness with men on earth a thousand years, and the wicked shall not stand,

In the 33rd section also He says:

Yea, verily, verily, I say unto you, that the field is white already to harvest; wherefore, thrust in your sickles, and reap with all your might, mind, and strength.

Open your mouths and they shall be filled, and you shall become even as Nephi of old, who journeyed from Jerusalem in the wilderness:

Yea, open your mouths and spare not, and you shall be laden with sheaves upon your backs, for lo, I am with you.

Again the Lord says in section 43:

Hearken ye, for, behold, the great day of the Lord is nigh at hand.

For the day cometh that the Lord shall utter his voice out of heaven; the heavens shall shake and the earth shall tremble, and the trump of God shall sound both long and loud, and shall say to the sleeping nations, Ye saints arise and live; ye sinners stay and sleep until I shall call again.

* * * * *

For in my own due time will I come upon the earth in judgment, and my people shall be redeemed and shall reign with me on earth,

For the great Millennium, of which I have spoken by the mouth of my servants, shall come;

For Satan shall be bound, and when he is loosed again, he shall only reign for a little season, and then cometh the end of the earth.

By reference to section 45, verses 36-50, what the Lord has said upon this subject can be found in great plainness, also in section 88, verses 86-110.

There are a large number of revelations in which the Lord says, "Behold, I come quickly," and in which He informs His servants and people that they should watch for and prepare for His coming; for He would come in an hour that they knew not.

From all these words of the Lord, it would appear very plain that before the coming of the Lord there will be signs in the heavens and in the earth, of blood, and fire, and vapors of smoke; the earth will tremble, and reel to and fro as a drunken man; the sun will be darkened; the moon be turned into blood; and the stars fall from heaven. The Saints also who are alive upon the earth will be caught up to meet the Lord in the clouds, as well as those who have slept in their graves; for their graves will be opened, and they will be brought forth at the sounding of the trump of the angel. Satan will be bound, and will not be loosed for one thousand years, and a reign of righteousness and of peace will prevail, for Satan will have no place in the hearts of the children of men.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.

ELDER DANIEL TYLER, who now resides at Beaver, Beaver County, Utah, has furnished us with a number of items concerning the Prophet Joseph,—not only incidents in his life, but some of his doctrines and interpretations of scripture, which are valuable to our young readers.

Brother Tyler was born in Sempronous, Cayuga County, New York, November 23, 1816. He joined the Church in Springfield, Erie County, Pa., January 16, 1833. At this place he first met the Prophet, who came there to his father's house. His impression of the Prophet's character was, as he states, "That he was a meek, humble, sociable and very affable man, as a citizen, and one of the most intelligent of men, and a great Prophet."

This testimony also bears concerning him:

"My subsequent acquaintance with him more than confirmed my most favorable im-

pressions in every particular. He was a great statesman, philosopher and philanthropist, logician, and last, but not least, the greatest prophet, seer and revelator that ever lived, save Jesus Christ only."

Following are some of the recollections of the Prophet which Brother Tyler mentions:

"A short time prior to his arrival at my father's house my mother, Elizabeth Comins Tyler, had a remarkable vision. Lest it might be attributed to the evil one, she related it to no person, except my father, Andrews Tyler, until the Prophet arrived, on his way to Canada, I think. She saw a man sitting upon a white cloud, clothed in white from head to foot. He had on a peculiar cap, different from any she had ever seen, with a white robe, underclothing, and moccasins. It was revealed to her that this person was Michael, the Archangel. She was sitting in the house drying peaches when she saw the heavenly vision, but the walls were no bar between her and the angel, who stood in the open space above her.

"The Prophet informed her that she had had a true vision, and it was of the Lord. He had seen the same angel several times. It was Michael, the Archangel, as revealed to her.

"During his short stay he preached at my father's residence, an humble log cabin. He read the 3rd chapter of John, and explained much of it, making it so plain that a child could not help understanding it, if he paid attention. I recollect distinctly the substance of his remarks on the 3rd verse—'Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God.'

"The birth here spoken of, the Prophet said, was not the gift of the Holy Ghost, which was promised after baptism, but was a portion of the spirit, which attended the preaching of the gospel by the elders of the Church. The people wondered why they had not previously understood the plain declarations of scripture, as explained by the elders, as they had read them hundreds of times. When they read the Bible it was a new book to them. This was being born again, to see the Kingdom of

God. They were not in it, but could see it from the outside, which they could not do until the Spirit of the Lord took the veil from before their eyes. It was a change of heart but not of state; they were converted, but were yet in their sins. Although Cornelius had seen an holy angel, and on the preaching of Peter the Holy Ghost was poured out upon him and his household, they were only born again to *see* the Kingdom of God. Had they not been baptized afterwards they would not have been saved (see Acts, 10th chapter). Explaining the 5th verse, he said 'To be born of water and of the Spirit' meant to be immersed in water for the remission of sins and receive the gift of the Holy Ghost thereafter. This was given by the laying on of the hands of one having authority given him of God.

"His discourse was, I think, entirely on the first principles of the gospel, and he quoted many passages of scripture, but I do not recollect any other so clearly defined as those I have quoted. I have given his exact language, as near as I can recollect it, after a lapse of over fifty years—nearly sixty years. The joy that filled my juvenile soul no one can realize except those who have had a foretaste of heavenly things. It seemed as though the gates of heaven were opened and a living stream flowed directly to the holy man of God. It also filled the house where we were sitting. To this day, when I think of it, which is quite often, and always when I hear those scriptures referred to, a thrill of joy and of testimony permeates the inmost recesses of my soul.

"About the time the doctrine of re-baptism for members in the Church was first revealed in Nauvoo, Joseph, the great seer and revelator to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, made some remarks on the subject.

"On one occasion he read, among other scriptures, Hebrews, 6th chapter, 1st and 2nd verses, as follow:

Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, of faith toward God,

Of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment.

"The Prophet said the first verse should read: 'Therefore, *not* leaving the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, etc.' This explanation not only made the entire subject of the two verses clear but reconciled them with other scriptures. Notwithstanding Paul is made to say 'leaving,' etc., the inference is clear that if the foundation of repentance, baptism and the laying on of hands should be relaid they would have to perform those works over again, as every careful reader of the text must see. This also corroborates a revelation to the Church of Ephesus: 'Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent and do the first works.' All latter-day Saints know that the first works after repentance are baptism and the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost. Here we find a presiding elder of a branch or ward of the Church commanded to perform these works over again, under pain of removal if he failed to obey the divine behest. Many more passages might be quoted to the same effect, but these are sufficient for my purpose. Joseph's translation not only reconciles the text with itself, but also with other scriptures, as already shown, and as was explained by the Prophet.

"Everyone has probably heard or read of the terrible martyrdom at Haun's Mill. At this late date some may be led to inquire why did not the Prophet foresee this and avert the terrible calamity. The older Saints, or those of long standing in the Church, understand all of the particulars, but there are our young folks and future generations who, not understanding some unpublished facts, would be liable and almost certain to marvel, as some already do. This is not strange, as the history of the Church shows that the man of God was in Far West, only about twenty miles distant.

"Well, my young brethren and sisters, the following are a few of the facts: Brother Haun owned the mill, a grist mill, which took his name. From two to four days prior to the

massacre the citizens of the little settlement assembled in a mass meeting, and appointed Brother Haun a committee of one to go to the city for advice to know what to do. The whole country was under arms and excitement. The Apostle David W. Patten, with Brothers Gideon Carter and O'Banion, had already sealed their testimony with their blood. Under these circumstances it was quite natural that small settlements should begin to inquire what was best for them to do.

"Brother Haun repaired to the city, and as the Prophet was but a private citizen and minister of the gospel, in the legal sense, he first went to Captain John Killian, of the Caldwell County militia, informed him of his appointment, and inquired what he and his brethren should do.

"Move into the city was the prompt reply."

"Brother H.—'What! and leave the mill?'

"Captain K.—'Yes, and leave the mill.'

"Brother H.—'What! to the mob?'

"Captain K.—'Yes, to the mob.'

"Brother Haun then left the Captain and went to 'Brother Joseph,' as the Prophet was familiarly called. He asked him the same questions, and received the same answers, word for word.

"But,' responded the selfish mill-owner, 'Brother Joseph, we think we are strong enough to defend the mill and keep it in our own hands.'

"Oh, well,' replied he, 'if you think you are strong enough to hold the mill you can do as you think best.'

"What more could he say? His method had always been when his counsel was asked to give it freely and leave parties to receive or reject it. He could not, nor would not if he could, take away people's agency.

"Brother Haun returned and reported that Brother Joseph's counsel was for them to stay and protect or hold the mill. The rest the reader knows, or can become acquainted with by reading the published account of the terrible tragedy. The foregoing facts I had from the late Captain Killian in person."

GREAT GUNS AND GUN-MAKERS.

THERE passed through Utah a few days ago a great twelve-inch, sixty-ton gun designed for a new man-of-war called the *Monterey*, now being built on the Pacific Coast. This immense piece of ordnance, requiring four hundred and thirty pounds of powder for each discharge, and with the capacity to throw an eight hundred and forty pound shot a distance of fifteen miles, is one of the best examples of the modern trend of naval warfare. Instead of the old-styled wooden ships with which Nelson, Paul Jones and Perry won undying fame, the tendency today is toward swift, heavy iron-clads, carrying guns with enormous projectile power or toward the silent, concealed, and therefore all the more deadly torpedo. At the time this *Monterey* monster was seen in Utah's peaceful vales, it was not improbable that two important navies, constructed upon the lines of modern warfare, might soon engage in mortal conflict. The controversy between the United States and Chile, which in the estimation of statesmen and writers in both countries and throughout the world wore the most threatening aspect, might lead, it was thought, to a call to arms. Happily, no such contingency is now imminent. Had it come, however, the death and havoc wrought by the contending forces could not but have been appalling. Both sides are equipped with the latest improvements in naval architecture and construction, defensive as well as offensive, and, whatever may be American pride as to the prowess of American warriors, the fighting qualities of the Chileans are not to be despised. It might have been easy to foretell the ultimate result of any such war—it could scarcely fail to be utterly fatal to Chile—but there is the best of ground for believing that if active hostilities should have really begun, there would be in the outset enormous destruction wrought upon both combatants.

It was not of this subject, however, that we set out to speak. The description of the

Monterey's big gun and the interest it aroused throughout the whole country as it passed along, suggests thoughts of the mammoth establishment of the great German gun-maker, at Essen, Saxony, and an incident that is pleasantly repeated to every visitor to those colossal works. They cover a vast area, and the whole town, indeed, is nothing but a series of great work-shops and the houses occupied by the employes. The proprietor is immensely wealthy, and notwithstanding the war-like character of his product, his life has been described as one of singular philanthropy, filled with good deeds and thoughtful interest in the welfare of his workmen. Every European power is his patron, and from all of them he has been the recipient of honors and esteem. Naturally the greatest establishment of its kind in the world possesses an attraction even for the curiosity of kings; and among the mass of accurate and intricate machinery that here simplify and perfect the work of man there are not a few that have excited the wonder and called forth the applause of the rulers of the world. It is of one of these machines, the great fifty-ton hammer, bearing the name "Unser Fritz," and the inscription, "Fritz, let fly!" that the following story is told:

In 1877, when old Emperor William visited the gun-works this great steam trip-hammer was the first thing to attract his attention. Krupp then introduced the veteran Emperor to the machinist, Fritz, who, he said, handled the giant hammer with wonderful precision; that he was so expert with it as to drop the hammer without injuring an object placed in the centre of the block. The emperor at once put his diamond-studded watch on the spot indicated and beckoned to the machinist to set the hammer in motion. Fritz hesitated out of consideration of the precious object, but Krupp and the Emperor both urged him on by saying: "Fritz, let fly!" Instantly the hammer was dropped, coming so closely to the watch that a sheet of writing-paper could not be inserted between, but the jewel was uninjured. The Emperor

gave it to Fritz as a souvenir; Krupp added one thousand marks to the present.

The incident is repeated to every visitor who is so fortunate as to obtain access to the works. When I was there I heard it from the old machinist himself, who, like his imperial master, has since been gathered to his fathers.

J. Q. C.

SECOND SIGHT.

IT is claimed that some people in Scotland are gifted with what is there called second sight. They can distinctly see, so it is said, persons dying or in danger, who are miles away. It is not easy to explain all the alleged facts of second sight by scientific principles, nor can they be wholly denied, seeing that they are often told by persons whose veracity is unquestioned.

The late Dr. Francis Wayland was accustomed to tell an incident of this kind which occurred to his mother, a woman of sound judgment and of admirably balanced character. Young Francis was expected home from New York, where he had been attending medical lectures. Suddenly, one day, the mother began to walk the floor hurriedly, saying to her husband, "Pray for my son. Francis is in danger!" She was so agitated and urgent that the father put up a prayer for deliverance from peril. When Francis at length arrived home, the mother asked at once, "What has taken place?" He told her of an adventure. While coming up the North River on a sloop, he had fallen overboard, and the sloop had passed over him. Being an athletic swimmer, he had kept afloat till rescued.

TEACHER of Negro School (pointing to letter X)—What's that letter, Jonas? Jonas (bashfully)—Guess don't know, sah. Teacher—Oh, yes. Think a minute. Jonas (brightening)—Oh, yes, sah. Da's daddy's name.

CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS.—NO. 13.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF
EDUCATION,

February 1st, 1892.

Dedication of the new Brigham Young Academy Building.—The building occupied by the Brigham Young Academy since its first academic year in 1876, having been destroyed by fire in 1884, new grounds, covering a whole block, in the Fourth Ward, Provo City, were secured by the Board the same year. But in consequence of financial difficulties, the basement walls for the new building remained unfinished, until May 18th, 1891, when by determined efforts of the Board sufficient means were raised to continue the building to a finish. Under the superintendency of Elder Harvey H. Cluff, the work was carried on so successfully that, Monday, January 4th, was set apart for dedicatory services. The Superintendent furnishes us following items about the structure. The basement with the two stories and the attic contain thirty-two rooms, which are heated by warm air, the whole plant costing six thousand dollars. The furniture and utensils are valued at seven thousand dollars, and the whole building when finished about eighty-five thousand dollars.

The dedicatory services were preceded by the faculty and students assembling at their former assembly room in the Z. C. M. I. building at 11 a. m., where they sang the doxology, and the undersigned, as retiring principal, pronounced a benediction upon the old premises. They then took up the line of march toward their new home, preceded by the "Enterprise Band" of Provo, and followed by many prominent citizens in carriages, among whom were Governor Thomas and Judge Blackburn.

Besides the large assembly room of the new building, the hallways and adjoining rooms were crowded to overflowing with a multitude of spectators. On the stand were the First Presidency of the Church, Apostles

F. D. Richards and F. M. Lyman, Governor A. L. Thomas, the Board of Trustees, the Faculty, and several principals of Church schools. The speeches were interspersed with pieces of music rendered by the "Enterprise Band," the "Provo Glee Club," and the Academy Choir. President George Q. Cannon offered the dedicatory prayer, after which the undersigned delivered his valedictory as retiring Principal, followed by addresses from President A. O. Smoot, Architect Don Carlos Young, Governor A. L. Thomas, Professor Benjamin Cluff, and Presidents Wilford Woodruff and George Q. Cannon. Sentiments were offered by President Joseph F. Smith, Hon. L. John Nuttall, and President A. O. Smoot. President Joseph F. Smith pronounced the benediction.

In two large class-rooms of the lower story a lunch for the invited guests had been provided by the ladies of the committee, and a party for the students in the evening concluded the exercises of that memorable day.

Latter-day Saints College.—The General Board of Education has had for some time under consideration the advisability of making a beginning with the labors of the contemplated University, and the engagement of Dr. James E. Talmage, as Professor of Natural Sciences, suggested itself to the Board as the surest way to a successful commencement. The Board of Education of Salt Lake Stake of Zion, under whose authority Dr. Talmage, as Principal of the L. D. S. College, was laboring, was, therefore, duly notified of such decision, and the result is explained by the subjoined document:

OFFICE OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Jan. 9, 1892.

To Whom it may Concern:

At a duly called meeting of the above named Association, held this day, a communication from the General Board of Education of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was read, in which the release of Dr. James E. Talmage, F. R. M. S., as Principal of the

Latter-day Saints College was asked, for the purpose of enabling him to devote time and attention to the establishment and development of scientific courses in connection with Young University. After mature consideration and free discussion, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in conformity with the request of the General Board of Education, Dr. James E. Talmage be honorably released from the position of Principal of the Latter-day Saints College, and also from all Normal, Theological, and executive duties in said College; provided, he continue his scientific lectures before the students until the close of the present academic year; this release to take effect January 11, 1892.

Resolved, That the thanks and best wishes of this Board be extended to Dr. J. E. Talmage for his efficient and faithful services while Principal of the College; that we release him with regrets, and with assurances of our sincerest esteem and fullest confidence, and that our blessings accompany him in his more extended field of labor.

Resolved, That Professor Willard Done, D. B., be appointed to succeed Dr. Talmage as Principal of the Latter-day Saints college, this appointment to go into effect January 11, 1892.

ANGUS M. CANNON, President.
WM. B. DOUGALL, Secretary.

L. D. S. College Association.

In conformity with above resolutions, Monday, January 11th, 12:30 p. m., was appointed for the time of the important event. The assembly-room of the College had been tastefully decorated by the students who filled every available space in the room; on the stand were Presidents George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith, the members of the Stake Board, the Faculty, and the undersigned. After the usual opening exercises, Brother Sterling Williams, in behalf of the gentlemen-students, and Miss Zina Bennion, in behalf of the lady-students, expressed to Dr. Talmage their gratitude and affection in touching terms, when Mrs. Camilla C. Cobb, in a similar manner, in behalf of the Faculty, presented him with a basket of flowers, and Instructor Joseph Nelson, spoke words of "farewell" to the retiring, and of "welcome" to the incoming Principal, both of whom expressed themselves feelingly, appropriate to the occasion.

Remarks were made in conclusion by President George Q. Cannon, Captain Willard Young, Bishop Taylor and the undersigned.

Dr. Talmage will continue, however, his scientific class at the College until the end of the academic year.

The day following Professor Willard Done entered upon his duties as new Principal, when the undersigned took occasion to congratulate Professor Done and address the students in accordance with the demands of the occasion.

Board of Examiners.—At a meeting of the Board of Examiners, a change was made in subject 16, Intermediate grade, General Circular No. 7, page 8, owing to the fact that the text book there prescribed is not generally accessible. Outline of "Domestic Science," according to Talmage's "Domestic Science" will be received from candidates who desire to offer such, in lieu of "Natural History," according to Talmage's "First Book of Nature. Parts I., II. and III. Either of these subjects may be presented at the discretion of the candidate.

Death of Elder Oscar Vance.—Brother Oscar Vance was born at Alpine, Utah County, December 2nd, 1866. He was only six months old when his father was killed by the Indians. He attended the B. Y. Academy as a Normal in the years 1887 and 1888, when, upon special recommendation, he was called to the principalship of the Parowan Central School, where he established a lasting reputation for himself as a thorough and faithful teacher. In response to his earnest desire for more extensive opportunities of advancement in his profession he was called as Assistant Instructor to the Weber Stake Academy, from where, after one year's faithful labors, he entered the Latter-day Saints College for more advanced studies, where he graduated with much credit last spring. He entered at the beginning of the present school year the Box Elder Stake Academy, under the principalship of his brother Angus, taking charge of the Intermediate Department, but conducting also some academic studies, under a special license. Here as well as elsewhere, he won the hearts of his students and of his associates, having

been engaged also as a faithful worker in the cause of Sunday schools and Y. M. M. I. Associations. Brother Oscar had made arrangements to spend his holiday vacation with his relatives in Alpine, when, after a few days' illness, he died on Christmas day, at 2 a. m. His demise was so unexpected that even among his pupils his sickness had not been considered serious, when the news of his death became known it threw a pall of deep gloom over Brigham City. He was buried at Alpine, where funeral services, as well as at Brigham City, were held. Thus has parted from us another faithful fellow-laborer in the bloom of his youth, to continue his labors and onward course in a brighter sphere. To his widowed mother and brothers we extend our sincerest sympathy.

New Appointments.—Professor Benjamin Cluff, jr., B. M. D., has been appointed Principal of the Brigham Young Academy, succeeding Professor Karl G. Maeser, D. L. D., who has to devote his entire time, henceforth, to the duties of the General Superintendency. Professor Willard Done, B. D. has been appointed Principal of the Latter-day Saints College, succeeding Professor James E. Talmage, D. L. D., F. B. M. S., who is called to the chair for Natural Science in Young University.

Reports.—In Church School Papers No. 11, November 1st, a schedule was given for a report to be sent in on or before December 31st, last; quite a number of Church schools have neglected to comply with this request. An immediate compliance is earnestly solicited, to save the undersigned much unnecessary correspondence. There are also the reports from several Conventions and Religion class Organizations missing, all of which the undersigned would be pleased to receive before February 15th.

By order of the General Board of Education.

DR. KARL G. MAESER,
General Superintendent.

PROVO, Box 238.

A FUN-LOVING SEAL.

A MOTHER seal at the Zoological garden, in Cincinnati, got rather gay one afternoon, while a big crowd of ladies, gentlemen and children was standing around eagerly watching the baby seal. The mother seal would watch and see where the crowd was thickest, slide quietly under the water, come up close as possible to where the crowd was, and then, with seemingly pure fun, jump up and splash the water in such a way as to cover and wet those standing there. And it kept this sort of fun up all the afternoon. No matter on which side of the tank the crowd got, the seal would make a quiet swim under the water, and then, quick as lightning, show up near the crowd, and get in its funny business.

PRESCRIPTIONS FOR LAZINESS.

ALL physicians are not as frank as the doctor who, having been visited by the lazy man who complained of dyspepsia, gave him the following prescription :

Recipe:

Wood saw - - - - 1

Cords of wood - - - - 5

Order: To be sawed into stove lengths within three weeks.

Nor are they so frank as another doctor, who was visited by a lady, who said that she was constantly troubled with loss of sleep, loss of appetite and languor.

The doctor wrote her a prescription.

"Follow this faithfully," said he, "and you will be able to sleep and to eat, and will feel as brisk as a child at play."

The lady took the prescription and went out. She had scarcely reached the stairway before she opened and read it, thus:

"Stop at the first shoe store you come to, buy six pairs of boots, and wear them all out in three months!"

THE Board of Health.—Three good meals a day.

For Our Little Folks,

THE YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

A PET MAGPIE.

ONE day last spring my brother Ephraim went up to the canyon. On his way home he saw a magpie's nest with four eggs in.

Magpies are very sensible birds. They build their nests in the clefts of trees. For this purpose they gather sticks and weeds for the outside and grass for the inside. The top and sides of the nest are closed in with just open space enough through which to go in and out.

In about three weeks my brother went up to the canyon again, the eggs were just hatched at this time.

Two weeks later he made a third trip to the canyon. When he came home this time he brought with him four little magpies. We gave them angler worms and bread to eat and milk or water to drink. They would eat about six worms each at a meal.

Ephraim gave my sister two of the young magpies but they soon died. The ones that Ephraim kept grew very fast; but one Sunday morning one of them fell into a barrel of water and was drowned. The other one was very lonesome for a few days. Ephraim split her tongue so she could talk. The first words we heard her say were, "Chickie, chickie, chickie." She stood near the corner of the house calling

the chickens and some of them came to her, but were disappointed on finding she was only a bird.

One morning while I was in the orchard gathering apples I heard what I thought to be a chicken cackling in the pasture west of the orchard. I could not think whose chicken could be there laying eggs. When I looked over towards the pasture I saw Maggie running around. It was she who had been cackling, having learned to do so by hearing the hens.

Maggie was the most mischievous bird I ever saw.

During the summer we had the stove outside. When we had to iron clothes we stood by the side of the stove. We had a table there on which to do the ironing. We fastened the ironing cloth to the oil cloth on the table with pins. When Maggie saw us ironing she would hop upon the table and pick the point of the pin awhile. Then finding she was at the wrong end she would get hold of the head of the pin, draw it out and fly away and hide it.

When she wanted to get into the house she would fly up on the window and call. She would fly around to the neighbors' and knock fruit off their scaffolds where it was placed to dry.

One morning she went flying about as usual, but soon after our neighbor brought her home dead. Some little children tried to catch her, and as they could not, they threw a clod at

her and struck her in the head. She fell dead from the tree. The neighbors felt very bad; but no one felt any worse than we did.

*Victoria Otteson,
Age 12 years.*

SPANISH FORK.

A PET COW.

I HAVE read the young folks' stories in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, telling about their pets, so I thought I would tell you about my pet cow. She is of a red and white color, and we call her Roan. She has had five calves and they all died. I have always milked her, and she does not want any one else to milk her, and if she can help it she won't let any one else do it.

In the summer when I get home late from the field, she stands by the fence and bellows until I come; and after I milk her she is quiet all night. Sometimes when I am playing with the dog she tries to jump over the fence to get at the dog. She seems to think the dog will hurt me.

I can climb all over my pet, sit on her neck and head, and play around her anywhere, but if any of my brothers or sisters go near her she will drive them out of the yard.

I went on a visit during the holidays, and I had to take my cow with me, because she didn't want any one else to milk her. Once I tried to deceive her by putting my sister's clothes on; but some way she knew

me and stood very still. If she thought it wasn't me she would have run after me. My brothers and sisters call me her calf because she fights for me.

*Morris Wood,
Age 14 years.*

SPANISH FORK.

SOME stories we have received for this department are scarcely suitable for publication. We, however, wish to encourage those who have written them, and we kindly ask them to try again. Take a little more pains with your work. Re-write your stories until you have them as correct as you can make them.

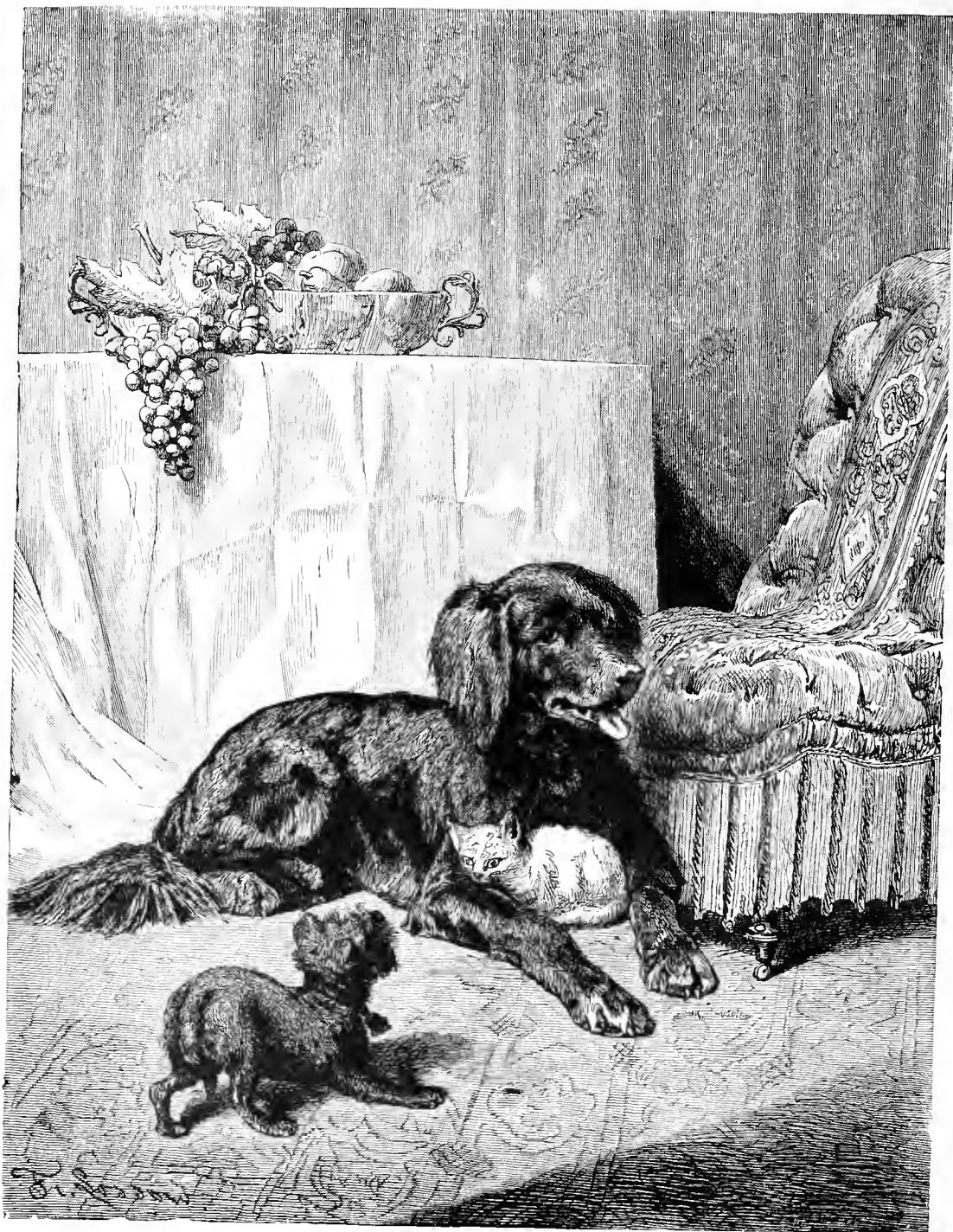
A PRINCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE shower had ceased, but the city street
Was flooded still with drenching rain,
Though men and horses with hurrying feet
Swept on their busy ways again.

The gutter ran like a river deep;
By the clean-washed pavement fast it
rushed,
As out of the spouts with a dash and a leap
The singing, sparkling water gushed.

A little kitten with ribbon blue
Crossed over the way to the gutter's brink;
With many a wistful, plaintive mew,
She seemed at the edge to shudder and
shrink.

And there she stood while her piteous cries
Were all unheard by the heedless throng,
Looking across with such longing eyes;
But the torrent was all too swift and
strong.



THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG AND THE KITTEN.

Up the street, o'er the pavements wide,
 Wandered our Prince from Newfound land,
 Stately and careless and dignified,
 Gazing about him on either hand.

 The sun shone out on his glossy coat,
 And his beautiful eyes, soft and brown,
 With quiet, observant glance took note
 Of all that was passing him, up and down.

 He heard the kitten that wailed and mewed,
 Stopped to look and investigate,
 The whole situation understood,
 And went at once to the rescue straight.

 Calmly out into the street walked he,
 Up to the poor little trembling waif,
 Lifted her gently and carefully,
 And carried her over the water safe,

 And set her down on the longed-for shore,
 Licked her soft coat with a kind caress,
 Left her and went on his way once more,
 The picture of noble thoughtfulness.

 Only a dog and cat, you say?
 Could a human being understand
 And be more kind in a human way
 Than this fine old Prince of Newfound-
 land?

 O children dear, 'tis a lesson sweet:
 If a poor dumb dog so wise can be,
 We should be gentle enough to treat
 All creatures with kindness and courtesy.

 For surely among us there is not one
 Who such an example could withstand;
 Who would wish in goodness to be outdone
 By a princely dog from Newfoundland?

A PECULIAR BIRD NEST.

AWAY off in South Africa there is found a bird called the sociable grosbeak. It is but a small bird, and there is nothing strange to be said about it, except that it builds a very peculiar nest. The nest is really a home for a whole colony of birds.

As you will see by the picture it is built in a tree, and occupies or encircles the greater part of the branches. In building such a nest the birds first make a roof or covering of a kind of grass. The birds are careful in building, to lay the straws or grass stems parallel with each other, forming a circular roof, which is high in the center and sloping all around. This is to protect the nest from rain, as the water will run down the straws and fall from the ends to the ground.



SOCIAL GROSBEAK'S NEST.

Under this roof each family of birds makes its own home by forming a little cell, large enough for its convenience. The opening or door to each cell is under the eaves of the roof. Sometimes there are more than three hundred different apartments under one roof. So if there were only two birds occupying each apartment, there would be over six hundred birds in the colony. The roof or covering these birds make for their nests, is from three to four feet across.

WE WILL PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

MUSIC BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

Moderato.

1. We will praise Thee, O God, we will praise Thee, Thy name we will gladly a-
2. The gos - pel that men can re - ly on Is re - stored by the Lord God of
3. We thank Thee, O God, for these mountainous, For their shel - er of freedom and

dore, That we live in this last dis - pen - sa - tion De sired by the prophets of
hosts; And that we have been born in Zi - on, We for - ev - er will grate - ful - ly
truth; For the love that from measureless founta ns, Has shielded and guid - ed our

yore. Yes, the prophets, th bards and the sag - es, Looked toward to these lat - ter
boast. We tru ly and fervent - ly thank Thee That our lot is ap - pain ed to
youth. When our parents shall rest from their labors—When they pass thro' mortal - i - ty's

days; And we In the brightest of ag - es Are liv - ing and learning Thy ways.
be With the chos - en and cov - eant peo - ple, In these val - leys, the home of the free,
vail, Then then we must bear off the klogdom That our Father has said shall pre - vall.

SOUND HIS PRAISES.

KEY G.

[SONG FOR THE LITTLE ONES]

E. P. ANDREWS.

{ : s | d : d : d.m | r : — : s | s | r : r : r.f | m : — : m.f }

Re - joice and be glad, the Re - deem - er is come, Go

{ | s : f : m | r : d : l | s | m : r | d : — || d.d }

look on His cra - dle, His cross and His tomb. || Sound His

{ | d.t | t : r.r | r.d : d : m | m.r : r : fe | s : — : s.s }

prai ses tell the sto - ry of Him who was slain, Sound His

{ | s.m : m : m.m | m.d : d : l | s : m : r | d : — ||

prai ses tell with glad - ness He liv - eth a - gain.

Rejoice and be glad it is sunshine at last,
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past,
Sound His praises, etc.

Rejoice and be glad for the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant, He liveth again,
Sound His praises, etc.

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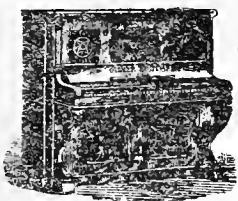
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